An Admirable New Northern Story.

Of two conſtant Lovers as I underſtand,
Were born neer to *Applebie* in *Weſtmerland*,
The Lad named *Anthonie*, *Conſtance* the Laſſe,
To Sea they went both, and great dangers did paſſe,
How they ſuffered ſhip-wrack on the Coaſt of *Spain*
For two years divided and then met again.
By wonderfull Fortune and care accident,
And now both live at home in joy and content,
The tune is, I would thou wert in Shrewſbury.

TWo Lovers in the North,
Conſtance and *Anthony*,
Of them I will ſet forth
a gallant Hiſtory.
They lov'd exceeding well,
as plainly doth appear,
But that which I ſhall tell,
the like you nere did hear.
Stil ſhe cryes Anthony,
my bonny Anthony,
Gang thou by Sea or Land,
Ile wend along with thee.

Anthony muſt to Sea,
his calling did him bind,
My *Conſtance* dear quoth he
I muſt leave thee behind,
I prethee do not greet,
thy tears will not prevail,
Ile think on thee my ſweet,
when the ſhips under ſayle.
But ſtill ſhe cryes, &c.

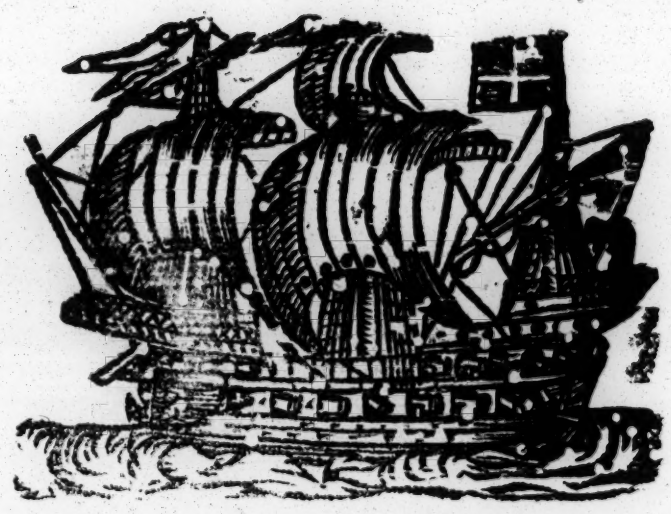
How may that be ſaid he,
conſider well the caſe,
Quoth ſhe ſweet *Anthony*,
Ile bide not in this place,
If thou gang ſo will I,
of the means do not doubt,
A womans pollicy
great matters may find out,
My bonny, &c.

I would be very glad
but prethee tell me how,
Ile dreſſe me like a Lad
what ſayſt thou to me now.
The Sea thou canſt not brook
yes very well quoth ſhe,
Ile ſcullian to the Cook
for thy ſweet company.
My bony, &c.

Anthonies leave ſhe had,
and dreſt in mans array,
She ſeem'd the blitheſt Lad,
ſeen on a Summers day,
O ſee what love can do
at home ſhe will not bide
With her true love ſhe'l go,
let weal or woe betide.
My deareſt, &c.

In the ſhip twas her lot,
to be the under Cook,
And at the fire hot
wonderfull pains ſhe took,
She ſerved every one,
fitting to their degree,
And now and then alone,
ſhe kiſſed *Anthony*.
My bonny Anthony,
my cony Anthony,
Gang thou by land or Sea
Ile wend along with thee

The ſecond Part, To the ſame Tune.



ALack and weladay,
by tempeſt on the main,
Their ſhip was caſt away,
upon the coaſt of Spain
To'th mercy of the waves,
they all committed were,
Conſtance her own ſelf ſaves
then ſhe cryes for her dear,
My bonny Anthony,
my cony Anthony.
If thou beeſt ſunk i'th Seas,
I wiſh *I* were with thee.

Swimming upon a Plank
at Bilbo ſhe got aſhore.
Firſt ſhe did heaven thank
then ſhe lamented ſore,
O woe is me ſaid ſhe,
the ſaddeſt Laſſe alive,
My dearеſt Anthony
now on the Sea doth drive.
My bony &c.

What ſhall become of me,
why do I ſtrive for more,
Sith my ſweet Anthony,
I never ſhall ſee more
Fair Conſtance do not grieve
the ſame good providence,
Hath ſav'd thy Lover ſweet
but he is far from hence,
Still, &c.

A Spaniſh Merchant rich
ſaw this fair ſeeming Lad
That did lament ſo much,
and thus ſo grievous ſad,
He had in England bin,
and Engliſh underſtood,
He having heard and ſeen
he in amazement ſtood,
Still, &c,

The Merchant asked her
what was that Anthony
Quoth ſhe my Brother ſir,
who came from hence with me
He did her entertain,
thinking ſhe was a boy,
Two years ſhe did remain
before ſhe met her joy
Still, &c.

Anthony up was tane,
by an Engliſh Runagade,
With home he did remain
at the Sea roaving trade,
I'th nature of a ſlave,
he did i'th Gally row,
Thus he his life did ſave,
but Conſtance did not know,
Still ſhe, &c.

Now mark what came to paſſe,
ſee how the fates did work
A ſhip that her Maſters was
ſurpriz'd this Engliſh Turk,
And into Bilbo brought,
all that aboard her were,
Conſtance full little thought,
Anthony was ſo near,
Still ſhe, &c.

When they were come on ſhore,
Anthony and the reſt,
She who was ſad before
was now with joy poſſeſt,
The merchant much did muſe
at this ſo ſudden change,
He did demand the news
which unto him was ſtrange,
Now ſhe has, &c.

Upon her knees ſhe fell,
unto her maſter kind,
And all the truth to tell,
nothing ſhe kept behind.
At which he did admire,
and in a Ship of Spain,
Not paying for their hire
he ſent them home again,
Now ſhe, &c.

The Spaniſh merchant rich,
did of's own bounty give
A ſum of Gold on which
they now moſt bravely live,
And now in Weſtmerland
near unto Appleby,
They was joyn'd hand in hand
Conſtance and Anthony.
They live in mirth and glee.
now ſhe ſaies Anthony,
Good providence I ſee,
hath guarded thee and me,

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